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Letting Go



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Chapter 1 by Fanwizard

The cracks widened, splitting the earth into two. I felt the heat curling off the lava from below, and knew that once someone got too close, it would be the end.

Ethan's eyes widened, as he attempted to stumble away from the cavern. But it was too late. "Olive!"

The sound of his nickname for me as he fell through the crack, his hand shooting out as he held on to one small ledge.

I dropped to my knees. The ground was unstable and very rocky, but I grabbed his hand.

"Olive, please, if you hold on, you'll die too," Ethan said.

"I'm going to die anyways. That volcano's going to erupt or I'm going to fall through the earth," I insisted.

"There's no way for you to pull me up. If you let go, then you might have a chance at surviving."

"Ethan, stop trying to convince me to let you die," the ground was shaking beneath my feet, and a new crack appeared.

Ethan's hands were becoming slippery as the ground kept shaking. His face was becoming blurry and I realized that there were tears in my eyes.

"Ethan, if you fall, then I'm falling with you," the past year flashed through my mind as the ground cracked and Ethan dropped farther as I dropped in with him.

My hands were growing weak, as I tried to hold on to the ledge and hold on to Ethan.

"I love you."

I let go.

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Chapter 2 by Fanwizard



Ethan was waiting under the willow tree when I slammed the front door shut.

It was the loveliest of fall days, the one where there were still leaves in the tree but they were vibrant colors, red and orange and yellow, the air brisk, the earth littered with leaves that crunched under your feet but still colorful, not dead and brown yet.

"Morning, Olive tree," Ethan winked.

My real name is Olivia Hazel Magnolia Lila Evans, but since it was such a mouthful and since he was only a toddler when we met, he said 'Olive,' not able to say the last part of my name. The nickname stuck, and I haven't been able to get rid of it. Even though I'd tried constantly to give him a horribly catchy nickname back, I'd failed and Ethan never let me forget it.

"Morning to you, too. You know, it would be really nice if I didn't wake up every morning and hear you greet me with calling me a tree." Of course, I was teasing, and we both knew it. Ethan knew how much I loved my nickname and hated it at the same time.

"One day, you'll find some nickname for me, possibly a gopher or an eel," Ethan laughed.

I raised one eyebrow, doing my best British accent, imitating a haughty middle aged woman.

"My dear boy, I do believe that it'll be someday soon when Olivia Evans gets her revenge on you, boy, Mister Ethan Parker. Quite the gentleman indeed."

Ethan laughed again, as we started walking down the sidewalk. He put on his best French accent.

"Of course, mademoiselle, as you wish. But I do believe that Madame Olivia's wish will not be granted for quite a bit of time," Ethan bowed dramatically, and we both burst out laughing.

"What'd you dream about last night?" Ethan asked as we turned the familiar street corner.

I shrugged. "Nothing much. The usual."

"And, what perhaps is the usual?"

I punched him lightly in the arm. "Who died and made you Sherlock Holmes?"

"Arthur Conan Doyle. Hmmmm. He did die in 1930, less than a century ago," Ethan wiggled his eyebrows at me.

"And you know this because?"

"Only the truest of Sherlock Homes readers would know," Ethan stated

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I rolled my eyes. "Haha, dear lad, you can cut to the chase."

"We zoom in on Olivia Evans and Ethan Parker, walking to school together. Olivia "Olive" is rolling her eyes while Ethan looks on, smiling and narrating at the same time."

I laughed, and had the same thought in my head as last night, the dream that I wouldn't admit. I loved Ethan.

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